THE TRUE-BORN *ENGLISHMAN.*

A SATIRE.

Corrected and Enlarg'd by the AUTHOR.

Statuimus Pacem, & Securitatem, & Concordiam, Judicium & Juſtitiam, inter Anglos & Normannos, Francos, & Britones Walliæ & Cornubiæ, Pictos & Scotos Albaniæ, *ſimiliter inter* Francos & *Inſulanos, Provincias & Patrias, quæ pertinent ad Coronam noſtram, & inter omnes nobis Subjectos, firmiter & inviolabiliter obſervari.*

Charta R. Will. Conq. de Pace Publ. cap. 1.

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An Explanatory

PREFACE.

IT is not that I ſee any Reaſon to alter my Opinion in any Thing I have writ, which occaſions this Epiſtle; but I find it neceſſary, for the Satisfaction of ſome Perſons of Honour, as well as Wit, to paſs a ſhort Explication upon it; and tell the World what I mean, or rather what I do not mean, in ſome Things wherein I am liable to be miſunderſtood.

I confeſs myſelf ſomething ſurpriz'd to hear, that I am tax'd with bewraying my own Neſt, and abuſing our own Nation, by diſcovering the Meanneſs of our Original, in order to make the *Engliſh* contemptible Abroad and at Home; in which, I think, they are miſtaken; for why ſhould not our Neighbours be as good as we to derive from? And I muſt add, that had we been an unmix'd Nation, I am of Opinion it had been to our Diſadvantage; for to go no farther, we have three Nations about us as clear from Mixtures of Blood as any in the World,

and I know not which of them I could wiſh ourſelves to be like; I mean the *Scots*, the *Welſh*, and *Iriſh*: And if I were to write a Reverſe to the *Satire*, I would examine all the Nations of *Europe*, and prove, that thoſe Nations which are moſt mix'd, are the beſt, and have leaſt of Barbariſm and Brutality among them; and abundance of Reaſons might be given for it, too long to bring into a *Preface*..

But I give this hint to let the World know, that I am far from thinking it is a *Satire* upon the *Engliſh* Nation, to tell them, that they are deriv'd from all the Nations under Heaven; that is, *from ſeveral Nations*. Nor is it meant to undervalue the Original of the *Engliſh*; for we ſee no Reaſon to like them worſe, being the Relicts of *Romans*, *Danes*, *Saxons*, and *Normans*, than we ſhould h' done, if they had remain'd *Britains*; that is, *than if they had been all* Welſh-*men*.

But the intent of the *Satire* is pointed at the Vanity of thoſe who talk of their Antiquity, and value themſelves upon their Pedigree, their ancient Families, and being *True-born*; whereas 'tis impoſſible we ſhould be *True-born*; and if we could, ſhould have loſt by the Bargain.

Theſe Sort of People, who call themſelves *True-born*, and tell long Stories of their Families, and, like a Nobleman of *Venice*, *think a Foreigner ought not to walk on the ſame Side of the Street with them*, are own'd to be meant in this *Satire*. What they would infer from their long Original, I know not; nor is it eaſy to make out, whether they are the better or the worſe for their Anceſtors. Our *Engliſh* Nation may value themſelves for their *Wit*, *Wealth*, and *Courage*, and I believe few Nations will diſpute

diſpute it with them; but for long Originals, and ancient *True-born* families of *Engliſh*, I would adviſe them to wave the Diſcourſe. A *True Engliſh* man is one that deſerves a character; and I have no where leſſen'd him, that I know of; but as for the *True-born Engliſh* man, I confeſs I do not underſtand him.

From hence I only infer, that an *Engliſh*-man, of all Men, ought not to deſpiſe Foreigners *as ſuch*; and I think the Inference is juſt, ſince *what they are To-day, we were Yeſterday, and To-morrow they will be like us.* If Foreigners misbehave in their ſeveral Stations and Employments, *I have nothing to do with that*; the Laws are open to puniſh them equally with Natives, and let them have no Favour.

But when I ſee the Town full of Lampoons and Invectives againſt *Dutch* men, *only becauſe they are Foreigners*, and the King reproached and inſulted by inſolent Pedants, and Ballad-making Poets, for employing Foreigners, and for being a Foreigner himſelf; I confeſs myſelf mov'd by it to remind our Nation of their own Original, thereby to let them ſee what a Banter is put upon ourſelves in it, ſince ſpeaking of *Engliſh*-men, *ab Origine*, we are really all Foreigners ourſelves.

I could go on to prove 'tis alſo impolitick in us to diſcourage Foreigners, ſince 'tis eaſy to make it appear, that the Multitudes of foreign Nations who took Sanctuary here, have been the greateſt Additions to the Wealth and Strength of the Nation; the great Eſſential whereof, is the Number of its Inhabitants. Nor would this Nation have ever arrived to the Degree of Wealth and Glory it now boaſts of, if the Addition of foreign Nations, both as to Manufactures and Arms, had not been helpful to it.

This is ſo plain, that he who is ignorant of it, is too dull to be talk'd with.

The *Satire* therefore I muſt allow to be juſt, 'till I am otherwiſe convinc'd; becauſe nothing can be more ridiculous, than to hear our People boaſt of that Antiquity, which, if it had been true, would have left us in ſo much worſe a Condition than we are in now. Whereas we ought rather to boaſt among our Neighbours, that we are a Part of themſelves, of the ſame Original as they, but better'd by our Climate; and, like our Language and Manufactures, deriv'd from them, and improv'd by us to a Perfection greater than they can pretend to.

This we might have valu'd ourſelves upon, without Vanity; but to diſown our Deſcent from them, talk big of our ancient Families, and long Originals, and ſtand at a Diſtance from Foreigners, like the *Enthuſiaſt* in Religion, with a *Stand off, I am more Holy than thou:* This is a Thing ſo ridiculous in a Nation deriv'd from Foreigners as we are, that I could not but attack them as I have done.

And whereas I am threaten'd to be call'd to a publick Account for this Freedom, and the Publiſher of this has been *News-paper'd* into Gaol already for it; tho' I ſee nothing in it for which the Government can be diſpleas'd; yet, if at the ſame Time thoſe People, who, with unlimited Arrogance in Print, every Day *affront the King, preſcribe the Parliament*, and *lampoon the Government*, may be either puniſh'd or reſtrain'd, I am content to ſtand and fall by the publick Juſtice of my native Country, which I am not ſenſible I have any where injur'd.

Nor-

Nor would I be miſunderſtood concerning the Clergy, with whom if I have taken any Licence more than becomes a *Satire*, I queſtion not but thoſe Gentlemen, who are Men of Letters, are alſo Men of ſo much Candour, as to allow me a Looſe at the Crimes of the Guilty, without thinking the whole Profeſſion laſh'd, who are innocent. I profeſs to have very mean Thoughts of thoſe Gentlemen who have deſerted their own Principles, and expos'd even their Morals, as well as Loyalty; but not at all to think it affects any but ſuch as are concern'd in the Fact.

Nor would I be miſrepreſented, as to the Ingratitude of the *Engliſh* to the King and his Friends, as if I meant the *Engliſh*, *as a Nation*, are ſo. The contrary is ſo apparent, that I would hope it ſhould not be ſuggeſted of me; and therefore, when I have brought in *Britannia* ſpeaking of the King, I ſuppoſe her to be the Repreſentative and Mouth of the Nation, as a Body. But if I ſay we are full of ſuch who affront the King, and abuſe his Friends; who print ſcurrilous Pamphlets, virulent Lampoons, and reproachful publick Banters, againſt both the King's Perſon and his Government; I ſay nothing but what is too true; and that the *Satire* is directed at ſuch, I freely own; and cannot ſay, but I ſhouid think it very hard to be cenſur'd for this *Satire*, while ſuch remain unqueſtion'd, and tacitly approv'd. That I can mean none but ſuch, is plain from theſe few Lines:

Ye Heavens, regard! Almighty Jove *look down,*
And view thy injur'd Monarch on the Throne.
On their ungrateful Heads due Vengeance take,
Who ſought his Aid, and then his Part forſake.

If

An Explanatory PREFACE.

If I have fall'n rudely upon our Vices, I hope none but the Vitious will be angry. As for writing for Intereſt, I diſown it: I have neither *Place* nor *Penſion*, nor *Proſpect*, nor *ſeek none*, nor will *have none*. If Matter of Fact juſtifies the Truth of the Crimes, the *Satire* is juſt. As to the Poetic Liberties, I hope the Crime is pardonable; I am content to be ſton'd, provided none will attack me but the Innocent.

If my Countrymen would take the Hint, and grow better-natur'd from my *ill-natur'd Poem*, as ſome call it, I would ſay this of it, That tho' 'tis far from the beſt *Satire* that ever was wrote, 'twou'd do the moſt Good that ever *Satire* did.

And yet I am ready to aſk Pardon of ſome Gentlemen too, who, tho' they are *Engliſhmen*, have good Nature enough to ſee themſelves reprov'd, and can bear it: Theſe are Gentlemen in a true Senſe, that can bear to be told of their *Faux Pas*, and not abuſe their Reprover. To ſuch I muſt ſay this is no *Satire*; they are Exceptions to the General Rule; and I value my Performance from their generous Approbation, more than I can from any Opinion I have of its Worth.

The haſty Errors of my Verſe, I have made my Excuſe for; and ſince the Time I have been upon it has been but little, and my Leiſure leſs, I have all along ſtrove rather to make my Thoughts expicit, than the Poem correct. However, I have mended ſome Faults in this Edltion, *and the reſt muſt be plac'd to my Account.*

Preface

Preface by the Author.

I Had long ago deſign'd to have made ſuch Additions to, and Corrections in, this Piece, as ſhould have ſatisfy'd the critical Reader, that I was not ignorant there was ſomething too much, and ſomething too little, in the firſt haſty Copy: But I always put off that good Purpoſe of mine, either thro' an unjuſtifiable Indolence, or from the want of a proper Seaſon for its ſecond Appearance.

The Juncture, of all others moſt ſuitable for its coming into the World, which alone has happen'd, or perhaps ever may, is juſt now, when a foreign Prince being eſtabliſh'd on the Throne, the ſame True-born Engliſh *Spirit ſeems to riſe among us, and in the ſame unſufferable Manner as it did then againſt King* William: *So that the Satire lies juſt as much ſtronger againſt this Generation, than it did when the Satire was written, as they have had Time, by above* 20 *Years Reproof, to reform the ill Temper from which it flow'd.*

But the unhappy Author being ſtill unprepar'd with ſuch Additions as might ſuit ſo glorious an Occaſion, the Book appears only with ſome farther Characters of the true-born Engliſh *Temper, which yet are in themſelves uſe-*

ful

ful enough. However, he ſays, that if the Omiſſion of more, is a Satire upon his Negligence, the Satire doubles upon the Age, when it ſhall be ſaid, that the ſame Reproof is ſtill juſt upon them, after they ſo publickly acknowledg'd the Sting of it above 20 Years ago.

It would require a Hiſtory, rather than a Preface, to give an Account of the Reception this Satire met with at the Time it came out; how it was univerſally acceptable, even to thoſe who it fell hardeſt upon; which, by the way, is the Height of a Satire's Character. The Author has not Aſſurance enough to ſet down your own Words of it, and how often he has been told by ſome, who thought themſelves moſt laſh'd by it, that yet they could not find in their Hearts to be angry. He makes this ſhort Uſe of it, How much keener a Satire is it upon them, that ſtill the Crime of their Temper remains?

It has been obſerv'd, to the Honour of this Satire, that the Word TRUE-BORN *was ſo effectually laſh'd by it, that we never heard it made Uſe of ſince, that is to ſay, not in Conjunction with the Word* Engliſhman.

Would they as effectually have baniſh'd the Surlineſs to Strangers, Ingratitude to Benefactors, excluſive Opinion of themſelves, and Fondneſs of their Country from their Temper, as they did True-Born *from their Title, the Work*

Work had been done, and the Satire might have been bury'd: But while the Temper of Solomon's *Fool continues* Engliſh, viz. *That if you bray him in a Mortar among Wheat with a Peſtle, he will ſtill return to his Folly, the Satire will alſo be juſt, tho' it were to the End of the World.*

It is too true of a True-Born Engliſhman, *as was ſaid of Biſhop* Gardiner, *That he would not be ſilenc'd, tho' he were convinc'd; from whence it is ſaid, that good Biſhop* Ridley, *the Martyr, uſed to ſay of an obſtinate Man, That he was one of Biſhop* Gardiner's ASSES, *that* if you turn'd him ſeven Years to Graſs, you would never take him up a HORSE.

In a Word, while the true-born Temper remains, the Satire upon a True-born Engliſhman *will therefore remain; and when the firſt declines, the Edge and Reliſh of the other will dye, and not before.*

As to the Particulars of this Book, which may ſeem to be out of Seaſon, the Editors being unwilling to leave them out, the Author ſays, the perſonal Satire at the End may ſtill have this Uſe, to let the Age to come know what juſt Cauſe there was for ſuch a Satire when it was written; if there was no renew'd Examples of the like, to whom the Character will ſuit, it's well, VERY WELL.

The

PREFACE by the AUTHOR.

The juſt Panegyrick upon King William, *will both do Juſtice to his Memory, and may, with very little Art, be made as ſuitable to his preſent Majeſty, to whom the Author believes it will ever be grateful, that his Subjects ſhould have at leaſt the ſame Zeal and Affection for him, as the Author of this Piece had for* K. William.

There will be no Difficulty in the reading all Britannia's *Words with a Tranſition, from* K. William *to* K. George, *and with great Juſtice and Truth: For Example,*

Satire, be ſilent, awfully prepare
Britannia's Song, and *George*'s Praiſe to hear.
Stand by———

Again,
George is the Name that's ſpoke by ev'ry Tongue;
George is the darling Subject of my Song.

Again,
May ev'ry chearful Glaſs, as it goes down,
To *George*'s Health, be Cordials to your own.

Thus the Poem ſuits the Day; and it's thought the Satire of it will in all Things do its Part ſtill: Thoſe who think otherwiſe, ſhould firſt let us ſee in what Part they are reform'd, and which Part of the Reproof is needleſs; which, when it is fairly diſcover'd, the Author will do their Reformation as much Juſtice as ever he did their Defect; 'till when, he is their

Humble Servant,

The True-Born Engliſhman.

THE INTRODUCTION.

SPEAK, *Satire*, for there's none can tell like thee,
Whether 'tis Folly, Pride, or Knavery,
That makes this diſcontented Land appear
Leſs happy now in Times of Peace, than War:
Why Civil Feuds diſturb the Nation more
Than all our bloody Wars have done before:
Fools out of Favour grudge at Knaves in Place,
And Men are always honeſt in Diſgrace:
The Court-Preferments make Men Knaves in Courſe:
But they which wou'd be in them, wou'd be worſe.
'Tis not at Foreigners that we repine,
Wou'd Foreigners their Perquiſites reſign:
The grand Contention's plainly to be ſeen,
To get ſome Men put out, and ſome put in.
For this our Sen—rs make long Harangues,
And florid Mem—rs whet their poliſh'd Tongues,
Stateſmen are always ſick of one Diſeaſe;
And a good Penſion gives them preſent Eaſe.
That's the Specifick makes them all content
With any King, and any Government.
Good Patriots at Court-Abuſes rail,
And all the Nation's Grievances bewail:
But when the *Sovereign Balſam*'s once apply'd,
The Zealot never fails to change his Side.

And when he muſt the *Golden Key* reſign,
The *Railing Spirit* comes about again.
Who ſhall this bubbl'd Nation diſabuſe,
While they their own Felicities refuſe?
Who at the Wars have made ſuch mighty Pother,
And now are falling out with one another:
With needleſs Fears the jealous Nation fill,
And always have been ſav'd againſt their Will:
Who fifty Millions *Sterling* have diſburs'd,
To be with Peace and too much Plenty curs'd.
Who their Old Monarch eagerly undo,
And yet uneaſily obey the New.
Search, *Satire,* ſearch, a deep Inciſion make;
The Poiſon's ſtrong, the Antidote's too weak.
'Tis pointed Truth muſt manage this Diſpute,
And down-right *Engliſh Engliſhmen* confute.
Whet thy juſt Anger at the Nation's Pride;
And with keen Phraſe repel the vicious Tide.
To *Engliſhmen* their own Beginnings ſhow,
And aſk them, why they ſlight their Neighbours ſo?
Go back to elder Times, and Ages paſt,
And Nations into long Oblivion caſt;
To old *Britannia*'s youthful Days retire,
And there for *True-born Engliſhmen* enquire.
Britannia freely will diſown the Name,
And hardly knows herſelf from whence they came:
Wonders, that they, of all Men, ſhould pretend
To *Birth* and *Blood,* and for a Name contend.
Go back to Cauſes where our Follies dwell,
And fetch the dark Original from Hell:
Speak, *Satire,* for there's none like thee can tell.

THE

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THE
True-born Engliſhman.

PART I.

WHere ever God erects a Houſe of Prayer,
The Devil always builds a Chapel there;
And 'twill be found, upon Examination,
The latter has the largeſt Congregation:
For ever ſince he firſt debauch'd the Mind,
He made a perfect Conqueſt of Mankind.
With Uniformity of Service, he
Reigns with a general Ariſtocracy.
No Non-conforming Sects diſturb his Reign,
For of his Yoke there's very few complain.

He knows the Genius and the Inclination,
And matches proper Sins for ev'ry Nation.
He needs no Standing-Army Government;
He always rules us by our own Conſent:
His Laws are eaſy, and his gentle Sway,
Makes it exceeding pleaſant to obey.
The Liſt of his Vice-gerents and Commanders,
Outdoes your *Caeſars*, or your *Alexanders*.
They never fail of his infernal Aid,
And he's as certain ne'er to be betray'd.
Thro' all the World they ſpread his vaſt Command,
And Death's eternal Empire's well maintain'd.
They rule ſo politickly, aud ſo well,
As if they were Lords-Juſtices of Hell:
Duly divided to debauch Mankind,
And plant infernal Dictates in his Mind.
Pride, the firſt Peer, and Preſident of *Hell*,
To his Share *Spain*, the largeſt Province, fell.
The ſubtile Prince thought fitteſt to beſtow
On theſe the Golden Mines of *Mexico*.
With all the Silver Mountains of *Peru*;
Wealth which in wiſe Hands would the World undo;
Becauſe he knew their native Genius ſuch,
Too lazy, and too haughty to be rich.
So proud a People, ſo above their Fate,
That if reduc'd to beg, they'll beg in State.
Laviſh of Money, to be counted brave,
And proudly ſtarve, becauſe they ſcorn to ſave.
Never was Nation in the World before,
So very rich, and yet ſo very poor.

Luſt

Luſt choſe the Torrid Zone of *Italy*,
Where Blood ferments in Rapes and Sodomy;
Where ſwelling Veins o'erflow with livid Streams,
With Heat impregnate from *Veſuvian* Flames;
Whoſe flowing Sulphur forms infernal Lakes,
And human Body of the Soil partakes.
There Nature ever burns with hot Deſires,
Fann'd with luxuriant Air, from ſubterranean Fires.
Here undiſturb'd in Floods of ſcalding Luſt,
Th' infernal King reigns with infernal Guſt.
Drunk'neſs, the darling Favourite of Hell,
Choſe *Germany* to rule; and rules ſo well,
No Subjects more obſequiouſly obey,
None pleaſe ſo well, or are ſo pleas'd as they.
The cunning Artiſt manages ſo well,
He lets them bow to Heav'n, and drink to Hell.
If but to Wine and him they Homage pay,
He cares not to what Deity they pray;
What God they worſhip moſt, or in what Way.
Whether by *Luther*, *Calvin*, or by *Rome*,
They ſail for Heav'n, by Wine he ſteers them home.
Ungovern'd *Paſſion* ſettled firſt in *France*,
Where Mankind lives in Haſte, and thrives by Chance.
A *Dancing-Nation*, fickle and untrue;
Have oft undone themſelves and others too:
Prompt the infernal Dictates to obey,
And in Hell's Favour none more great than they.
The *Pagan* World he blindly leads away,
And perſonally rules with arbitrary Sway:

The Maſk thrown off, *plain Devil* his Title ſtands;
And what elſewhere he tempts, he there commands.
There with full Guſt, th'Ambition of his Mind
Governs, as he of old in Heav'n deſign'd.
Worſhipp'd as God, his *Painim Altars* ſmoke,
Embru'd with Blood of thoſe that him invoke.
The reſt by Deputies he rules as well,
And plants the diſtant Colonies of Hell.
By them his ſecret Power he maintains,
And binds the World in his infernal Chains.
By Zeal the *Iriſh*, and the *Ruſs* by Folly;
Fury the *Dane*; the *Swede* by Melancholy;
By ſtupid Ignorance the *Muſcovite*;
The *Chineſe*, by a Child of Hell, call'd *Wit*.
Wealth makes the *Perſian* too effeminate,
And Poverty the *Tartars* deſperate.
The *Turks* and *Moors* by *Mah'met* he ſubdues;
And God has given him leave to rule the Jews.
Rage rules the *Portugueſe*, and Fraud the *Scots*;
Revenge the *Pole*, and Avarice the *Dutch*.
Satire, be kind, and draw a ſilent Veil,
Thy native *England*'s Vices to conceal:
Or, if that Taſk's impoſſible to do,
At leaſt be juſt, and ſhow her Virtues too;
Too great the firſt, alas! the laſt too few.
England, unknown as yet, unpeopled lay;
Happy had ſhe remain'd ſo to this Day,
And not to ev'ry Nation been a Prey.
Her open Harbours, and her fertile Plains,
The Merchants Glory theſe, and thoſe the Swains,

To

To ev'ry barbarous Nation have betray'd her,
Who conquer her as oft as they invade her.
So Beauty guarded but by Innocence,
That ruins her, which ſhould be her Defence.
Ingratitude, a Devil of *black Renown*,
Poſſeſs'd her very early for his own.
An ugly, ſurly, ſullen, ſelfiſh Spirit,
Who Satan's worſt Perfections does inherit;
Second to him in Malice and in Force,
All *Devil without*, and all within him *worſe*.
He made her firſt-born Race to be ſo rude,
And ſuffer'd her to be ſo oft ſubdu'd;
By ſev'ral Crowds of wand'ring Thieves o'er-run,
Often unpeopl'd, and as oft undone.
While ev'ry Nation that her Pow'rs reduc'd,
Their Languages and Manners introduc'd;
From whoſe mix'd Relicks our compounded Breed,
By ſpurious Generation does ſucceed,
Making a Race uncertain and uneven,
Deriv'd from all the Nations under Heaven.
The *Romans* firſt with *Julius Cæſar* came,
Including all the Nations of that Name.
Gauls, *Greeks* and *Lombards*; and, by Computation,
Auxiliaries or Slaves of ev'ry Nation.
With *Hengiſt Saxons*, *Danes* with *Sueno* came,
In Search of Plunder, not in Search of Fame.
Scots, *Picts*, and *Iriſh* from th' *Hibernian* Shore:
And conqu'ring *William* brought the *Normans* o'er.
All theſe their barb'rous Offſpring left behind,
The Dregs of Armies, they of all Mankind;

Blended

Blended with *Britains* who before were here,
Of whom the *Welſh* ha' bleſt the Character.
From this amphibious ill-born Mob began
That vain ill-natur'd Thing, an Engliſhman.
The Cuſtoms, Sirnames, Languages, and Manners,
Of all theſe Nations are their own Explainers;
Whoſe Relicks are ſo laſting, and ſo ſtrong,
They ha'left a *Shiboleth* upon our Tongue,
By which, with eaſy Search, you may diſtinguiſh
Your *Roman-Saxon-Daniſh-Norman* Engliſh.
The great invading * *Norman* lets us know,
What Conquerors in After-times might do.
To ev'ry † *Muſqueteer* he brought to Town,
He gave the Lands which never were his own.
When firſt the *Engliſh* Crown he did obtain,
He did not ſend his *Dutchmen* home again.
No Re-aſſumptions in his Reign were known;
Davenant might there ha' let his *Book* alone;
No Parliament his Army cou'd diſband;
He rais'd no Money, for he paid in Land.
He gave his Legions their eternal Station,
And made them all Freeholders of the Nation.
He canton'd out the Country to his Men,
And ev'ry Soldier was a Denizen.
The Raſcals thus enrich'd, he call'd them *Lords*,
To pleaſe their upſtart Pride with new-made Words,
And *Doomſday-Book* his Tyranny records.
And here begins the ancient Pedigree
That ſo exalts our poor Nobility:

'Tis

* William *the Conqueror.* † *Or Archer.*

'Tis that from ſome *French* Trooper they derive,
Who with the *Norman* Baſtard did arrive:
The Trophies of the Families appear; (Spear,
Some ſhew the Sword, the Bow, and ſome the
Which their great Anceſtor, *forſooth*, did wear.
Theſe in the Heralds Regiſter remain,
Their noble mean Extraction to explain.
Yet who the Hero was, no Man can tell,
Whether a Drummer, or a Colonel.
The ſilent Record bluſhes to reveal
Their undeſcended dark Original.

But grant the beſt, How came the Change to paſs,
A *True-Born Engliſhman* of *Norman* Race?
A *Turkiſh* Horſe can ſhew more Hiſtory,
To prove his well-deſcended Family.
Conqueſt, as by the * Moderns 'tis expreſt,
May give a Title to the Lands poſſeſt:
But that the longeſt Sword ſhould be ſo civil,
To make a *Frenchman Engliſh*, that's the Devil.

Theſe are the Heroes that deſpiſe the *Dutch*,
And rail at new-come Foreigners ſo much;
Forgetting that themſelves are all deriv'd
From the moſt ſcoundrel Race that ever liv'd.
A horrid Crowd of rambling Thieves and Drones,
Who ranſack'd Kingdoms, and diſpeopled Towns.
The *Pict* and painted *Britain*, treacherous *Scot*,
By Hunger, Theft, and Rapine hither brought.
Norwegian Pyrates, buccaneering *Danes*,
Whoſe red-hair'd Offspring ev'ry where remains,

Who,

* *Dr.* Sherlock *de Facto.*

Who, join'd with *Norman French*, compound the Breed
From whence your *True-Born Engliſhmen* proceed.
And leſt by Length of Time it be pretended,
The Climate may this moderh Breed ha' mended,
Wiſe Providence, to keep us where we are,
Mixes us daily with exceeding Care;
We have been *Europe*'s Sink, the *Jakes* where ſhe
Voids all her Offal Out-caſt Progeny.
From our Fifth *Henry*'s Time, the ſtroling Bands
Of baniſh'd Fugitives from neighb'ring Lands,
Have here a certain Sanctuary found,
The eternal Refuge of the Vagabond.
Where in but half a common Age of Time,
Borr'wing new Blood and Manners from the Clime,
Proudly they learn all Mankind to contemn,
And all their Race are *True-Born Engliſhmen.*
Dutch, *Walloons*, *Flemmings*, *Iriſhmen*, and *Scots*,
Vaudois, and *Valtolins*, and *Hugonots*,
In good Queen *Beſs*'s charitable Reign,
Supply'd us with three hundred thouſand Men.
Religion, *God we thank thee*, ſent them hither,
Prieſts, Proteſtants, the Devil, and all together;
Of all Profeſſions, and of ev'ry Trade,
All that were perſecuted or afraid;
Whether for Debt or other Crimes they fled,
David at *Hackelah* was ſtill their Head.
The Offspring of this miſcellaneous Crowd,
Had not their new Plantations long enjoy'd,
But they grew *Engliſhmen*, and rais'd their Votes
At foreign Shoals of interloping *Scots*.

The

The * Royal Branch from *Pictland* did ſucceed,
With Troops of *Scots* and Scabs from *North-by-Tweed.*
The ſeven firſt Years of his pacific Reign,
Made him and half his Nation *Engliſhmen.*
Scots from the *Northern* frozen Banks of *Tay,*
With Packs and Plaids came *Whigging* all away;
Thick as the Locuſts which in *Egypt* ſwarm'd,
With Pride and hungry Hopes compleatly arm'd;
With native Truth, Diſeaſes, and no Money,
Plunder'd our *Canaan* of Milk and Honey.
Here they grew quickly Lords and Gentlemen,
And all their Race are *True-Born Engliſhmen.*

The Civil Wars, the common Purgative,
Which always uſe to make the Nation thrive,
Made Way for all that ſtroling Congregation,
Which throng'd in pious ‡ *Ch—s*'s Reſtoration.
The *Royal Refugee* our Breed reſtores,
With *foreign Courtiers,* and with *foreign Whores;*
And carefully re peopled us again,
Throughout his lazy, long, laſcivious Reign,
With ſuch a bleſt and *True Born Engliſh* Fry,
As much illuſtrates our Nobility:
A Gratitude which will ſo black appear,
As future Ages muſt abhor to hear,
When they look back on all that Crimſon Flood,
Which ſtream'd in *Lindſey*'s, and *Caernarvon*'s Blood:
Bold *Strafford, Cambridge, Capel, Lucas, Liſle,*
Who crown'd in Death his Father's Fun'ral Pile.

The

* *King* James I.
‡ *King* Charles II.

The Loſs of whom, in order to ſupply
With True-Born *Engliſh* Nobility,
Six Baſtard Dukes ſurvive his luſcious Reign,
The Labours of *Italian Caſtl——n*,
French Portſ——th, *Tabby Scot*, and *Cambrian*;
Beſides the Num'rous, Bright, and Virgin Throng,
Whoſe Female Glories ſhade them from my Song.

This Offspring, if one Age they multiply,
May half the Houſe with *Engliſh* Peers ſupply:
There, with true *Engliſh* Pride, they may contemn
Scom——g and *Port—d*, new-made Noblemen.

French Cooks, *Scots* Pedlars, and *Italian* Whores,
Were all made L—ds, or Lords Progenitors.
Beggars and Baſtards by his new Creation,
Much multiply'd the Pee—age of the Nation;
Who will be all, e'er one ſhort Age runs o're,
As True-born L—ds as thoſe we had before.

Then, to recruit the Commons, he prepares,
And heal the latent Breaches of the Wars:
The pious Purpoſe better to advance,
H' invites the baniſh'd Proteſtants of *France:*
Hither for God's Sake, and their own they fled;
Some for Religion came, and ſome for Bread:
Two hundred thouſand Pair of Wooden-Shoes,
Who, God be thank'd, had nothing left to loſe;
To Heav'ns great Praiſe, did for Religion fly,
To make us ſtarve our Poor in Charity.
In ev'ry Port they plant their fruitful Train,
To get a Race of *True-born Engliſhmen:*

Whoſe

Whoſe Children will, when riper Years they ſee,
Be as ill-natur'd and as proud as we:
Call themſelves *Engliſh*, Foreigners deſpiſe,
Be ſurly like us all, and juſt as wiſe.

Thus from a Mixture of all Kinds, began
That het'rogeneous Thing, *An Engliſhman:*
In eager Rapes, and furious Luſt begot,
Betwixt a painted *Britain* and a *Scot:*
Whoſe gend'ring Offſpring quickly learnt to bow,
And yoke their Heifers to the *Roman* Plough:
From whence a mongrel half bred Race there came,
With neither Name or Nation, Speech or Fame:
In whoſe hot Veins new Mixtures quickly ran,
Infus'd betwixt a *Saxon* and a *Dane*;
While their rank Daughters, to their Parents juſt,
Receiv'd all Nations with promiſcuous Luſt.
This nauſeous Brood directly did contain
The well-extracted Blood of *Engliſhmen.*

Which Medly canton'd in a Heptarchy,
A Rhapſody of Nations to ſupply,
Among themſelves maintain'd eternal Wars,
And ſtill the Ladies lov'd the Conquerors.

The *Weſtern* Angles all the reſt ſubdu'd;
A bloody Nation, barbarous and rude;
Who, by the Tenure of the Sword, poſſeſt
One Part of *Britain*, and ſubdu'd the reſt.
And, as great Things denominate the ſmall,
The conqu'ring Part gave Title to the Whole.
The *Scot*, *Pict*, *Roman*, and the *Dane* ſubmit,
And with the *Engliſh Saxon* all unite:

And theſe the Mixture have ſo cloſe purſu'd,
The very Name and Memory's ſubdu'd:
No *Roman* now, no *Britain* does remain;
Wales ſtrove to ſeparate, but ſtrove in vain:
The ſilent Nations undiſtinguiſh'd fall,
And *Engliſhman*'s the common Name for all.
Fate jumbl'd them together, *God knows how*;
What e'er they were, they're *True-born Engliſh* now.

The Wonder which remains, is at our Pride,
To value that which all wiſe Men deride:
For *Engliſhmen* to boaſt of Generation,
Cancels their Knowledge, and lampoons the Nation.
A *True-born Engliſhman*'s a Contradiction,
In Speech an Irony, in Fact a Fiction.
A Banter made to be a Teſt of Fools,
Which thoſe that uſe it, juſtly ridicules.
A Metaphor invented to expreſs
A Man *a-kin* to all the Univerſe.

For as the *Scots*, as learned Men ha' ſaid,
Throughout the World their wand'ring Seed ha'ſpread,
So open-handed *England*, 'tis believ'd,
Has all the Gleanings of the World receiv'd.

Some think of *England*, 'twas our Saviour meant,
The Goſpel ſhould to all the World be ſent:
Since when the bleſſed Sound did hither reach,
They to all Nations might be ſaid to preach.

'Tis well that Virtue gives Nobility,
Other Pretence our Gentry muſt defy;
Since ſcarce one Family is left alive,
Which does not from ſome Foreigner derive.

Of

Of ſixty thouſand *Engliſh* Gentlemen,
Whoſe Names and Arms in Regiſters remain,
I challenge all our Heralds to declare
Ten Families which *Engliſh-Saxons* are.
France juſtly boaſts the ancient Noble Line
Of *Bourbon*, *Monmorency*, and *Lorrain*.
The *Germans* too their Houſe of *Auſtria* ſhow,
And *Holland* their invincible *Naſſau*.
Lines which in Heraldry were ancient grown,
Before the Name of *Engliſhman* was known.
Even *Scotland* too her elder Glory ſhows,
Her *Gourdons*, *Hamiltons*, and her *Monroes*;
Douglas, *Makays*, and *Grahams*, Names well known,
Long before ancient *England* knew her own.
But *England*, modern to the laſt Degree,
Borrows or makes her own Nobility,
And yet ſhe boldly boaſts of Pedigree:
Repines that Foreigners are put upon her,
And talks of her Antiquity and Honour:
Her *Sack—lls*, *Sav—ls*, *Ce—ls*, *Delam—rs*,
Mob—ns and *Mont—ues*, *Dura—s*, and *Ve—rs*,
Not one have *Engliſh* Names, yet all are *Engliſh* Peers.
Your *Houb—ns*, *Pap—llons*, and *Leth—liers*,
Paſs now for true-born *Engliſh* Knights and 'Squires,
And make good Senate-Members, or Lord-Mayors.
Wealth, howſoever got, in *England* makes
Lords of Mechanicks, Gentlemen of Rakes.
Antiquity and Birth are needleſs here;
'Tis Impudence and Money makes a Peer.

Innumerable City-Knights we know,
From *Blue-coat Hoſpitals* and *Bridewell* flow.
Dray-men and Porters fill the City Chair,
And Foot-boys magiſterial Purple wear.
Fate has but very ſmall Diſtinction ſet
Betwixt the *Counter* and the Coronet.
Tarpaulin L—ds, Pages of high Renown,
Riſe up by poor Men's Valour, not their own.
Great Families of Yeſterday we ſhow,
And Lords, whoſe Parents where *the Lord knows who.*

PART II.

THE Breed's deſcrib'd: Now, *Satire*, if you can,
Their Temper ſhew, for *Manners make the Man*.
Fierce as the *Britain*, as the *Roman* brave,
And leſs inclin'd to conquer than to ſave:
Eager to fight, and laviſh of their Blood,
And equally of *Fear* and *Forecaſt* void.
The *Pict* has made 'em ſowre, the *Dane* moroſe:
Falſe from the *Scot*, and from the *Norman* worſe.
What Honeſty they have, the *Saxon* gave them,
And that, now they grow old, begins to leave them.
The Climate makes them terrible and bold,
And *Engliſh* Beef their Courage does uphold:
No Danger can their daring Spirit pall,
Always provided that their Belly's full.
In cloſe Intrigues their Faculty's but weak,
For gen'rally whate'er they know, they ſpeak;

And often their own Councils undermine
By their Infirmity, and not Deſign.
From whence the Learned ſay it does proceed,
That *Engliſh* Treaſons never can ſucceed:
For they're ſo open-hearted, you may know
Their own moſt ſecret Thoughts, and others too.
The lab'ring Poor, in Spite of double Pay,
Are ſaucy, mutinous, and beggarly;
So laviſh of their Money and their Time,
That want of Forecaſt is the Nation's Crime.
Good drunken Company is their Delight;
And what they get by Day, they ſpend by Night.
Dull Thinking ſeldom does their Heads engage,
But drink their Youth away, and hurry on old Age.
Empty of all good Huſbandry and Senſe,
And void of Manners moſt when void of Pence.
Their ſtrong Averſion to Behaviour's ſuch,
They always talk too little or too much.
So dull, they never take the Pains to think,
And ſeldom are good-natur'd, *but in Drink.*
The gen'ral Buſineſs of the meaner Sort,
Is drudging, drinking, quarrelling, and Sport:
Tho' theſe divide their Time, 'tis hard to ſay
Which of the four is Labour, which is Play.
So hard they ply the Bottle and their Trade,
Their Pleaſure's equal to their Labour made.
The rugged Temper runs thro' ev'ry Part;
Their Sport's like Fighting, and their Fighting Sport.

In

In *Engliſh* Ale their dear Enjoyment lies,
For which they'll ſtarve themſelves and Families.
An *Engliſhman* will fairly drink as much
As will maintain two Families of *Dutch:*
Subjecting all their Labours to the Pots;
The greateſt Artiſts are the greateſt Sots
The Country Poor do by Example live;
The Gentry lead them, and the Clergy drive.
What may we not from ſuch Examples hope?
The Landlord is their God, the Prieſt their Pope.
A drunken Clergy, and a ſwearing Bench,
Has giv'n the Reformation ſuch a Drench,
As wiſe Men think there is ſome Cauſe to doubt,
Will purge good Manners and Religion out.
Nor do the Poor alone their Liquor prize,
The Sages join in this great Sacrifice.
The learned Men, who ſtudy *Ariſtotle,*
Correct him with an Explanation Bottle;
Praiſe *Epicurus* rather than *Lyſander,*
And * *Ariſtippus* more than *Alexander.*
The Doctors too their *Galen* here reſign,
And gen'rally preſcribe *ſpecifick Wine.*
The Graduate's Study's grown an eaſier Taſk,
While for the *Urinal* they toſs the *Floſk;*
The Surgeon's Art grows plainer ev'ry Hour,
And Wine's the Balm which into Wounds they pour.
Poets long ſince *Parnaſſus* have forſaken,
And ſay the ancient Bards were all miſtaken.

Apollo's

* *The Drunkards Name for Canary.*

Apollo's lately abdicate and fled,
And good King *Bacchus* governs in his Stead;
He does the Chaos of the Head refine,
And Atom-Thoughts jump into Words by Wine:
The Inſpiration's of a finer Nature;
As Wine muſt needs excel *Parnaſſus* Water.
Stateſmen their weighty Politicks refine,
As Soldiers raiſe their Courages, by WINE.
Cæcilia gives her Choiriſters their Choice,
And lets them all drink Wine to clear the Voice.
Some think the Clergy firſt found out the Way,
And Wine's the only Spirit by which they pray.
But others, leſs profane than ſo, agree
It clears the Lungs, and helps the Memory:
And therefore all of them divinely think,
Inſtead of Study, 'tis as well to Drink.
And here I wou'd be very glad to know,
Whether our *Aſgilites* may drink or no?
Th' enlightning Fumes of Wine would certainly
Aſſiſt them much *when they begin to fly:*
Or if a Fiery-Chariot ſhou'd appear,
Inflam'd by Wine, they'd ha' the leſs to fear.
Even the Gods themſelves, as Mortals ſay,
Were they on Earth, wou'd be as drunk as they:
Nectar wou'd be no more celeſtial Drink,
They'd all take Wine, to teach them how to think.
But *Engliſh* Drunkards, Gods and Men out-do,
Drink their Eſtates away, and Senſes too.
Colon's in Debt, and if his Friends ſhould fail,
To help him out, muſt die at laſt in Gaol:

His

His *wealthy Uncle* ſent a hundred Nobles,
To pay his Trifles off, and rid him of his Troubles:
But *Colon*, like a *True-Born Engliſhman*,
Drank all the Money out in bright *Champaign*,
And *Colon* does in Cuſtody remain.
Drunk'neſs has been the Darling of the Realm,
E'er ſince a drunken Pilot had the Helm.

In their Religion they are ſo unev'n,
That each Man goes *his own By-way to Heav'n:*
Tenacious of Miſtakes to that Degree,
That ev'ry Man purſues it ſep'rately,
And fancies none can find the Way but he:
So ſhy of one another they are grown,
As if they ſtrove to get to Heav'n alone.
Rigid and zealous, poſitive and grave,
And ev'ry Grace, but Charity, they have:
This makes them ſo ill-natur'd and uncivil,
That all Men think an *Engliſhman* the Devil.

From all the World they differ in their Spleen,
So ſoon made mad, ſo ſoon reſtor'd again.
Pleaſant in Broils, they ſmile when they engage;
There's ſomething ſtrangely calm in all their Rage;
Yet to their Diſadvantage 't muſt be ſaid,
'Tis all mere Nature, 'tis not in their Head;
'Tis neither Manners nor Philoſophy;
'Tis all they know not how, and know not why.

Their perſonal Quarrels they as ill purſue,
As any Creatures bleſs'd with Souls can do;
A little while they're manag'd with the Tongue,
Then fight, before they judge of Right or Wrong;

Then

Then ceaſe, take Breath, argue about their Right,
And ſo alternately they ſcold and fight.
For Strife's the natural Phyſick to their Phlegm,
Poyſon to other People, Food to them.
And yet it muſt be own'd they ſeldom hate,
Harbour no ranc'rous Thoughts of ancient Date,
Or Father-Feuds entail'd with the Eſtate.
Their Senſe of Injury's ſo very quick,
The leaſt Delay in Payment makes them ſick.
They keep no ſmother'd Malice in their Mind;
The Reaſon's plain, they always pay in Kind.
Swift in Return, impatient of the Wrong,
They hate to be in Debt for Miſchief long;
And if they can't decide the warm Diſpute,
They ne'er adjourn the Cauſe, but fight it out.
Then the next Age concerns themſelves no more,
Than if they had been always Friends before.
Their ſtrange litigious Temper runs ſo high,
And they ſo oft fall out, they know not why,
That 'twas their Father's Study to invent,
For uncooth fooliſh Crimes, a ſuited Puniſhment.
Such are their *Ridings*, Ducking-Stools, and Juries,
For Huſband-Drivers, Scolds, and Houſhold-Furies;
The awkward Execution plainly ſhews
'Twas leſs contriv'd to puniſh, than expoſe.
And 'twas but juſt indeed to have Compaſſion
On Crimes entail'd by Blood upon the Nation.
Some think their brangling Temper's kept in Awe
By Juſtice and the Iron Hands of Law:

But

But wiſer Heads have thought it does them Harm,
And prompts the Humour which it ſhould diſarm;
For under Skreen of Juſtice, they engage
In all the moſt unhappy Parts of Rage;
The Life-Blood of their Fortunes freely draw,
And Beggars ſpend the Pariſh-Alms at Law:
The ſtrange litigious Guſt appears ſo keen,
They'll ſtarve their Children to ſupply their Spleen.
Surly to Strangers, froward to their Friend;
Submit to Love with a reluctant Mind,
Reſolv'd to be ungrateful and unkind.
If by Neceſſity reduc'd to aſk,
The Giver has the difficulteſt Task:
For what's beſtow'd, they awkwardly receive,
And always take leſs freely than they give.
The Obligation is their higheſt Grief,
And never love where they accept Relief.
So ſullen in their Sorrows, that 'tis known
They'll rather die, than their Afflictions own:
And if reliev'd, it is too often true,
That they'll abuſe their Benefactors too:
For in Diſtreſs their haughty Stomach's ſuch,
They hate to ſee themſelves oblig'd too much.
Seldom contented, often in the Wrong;
Hard to be pleas'd at all, and never long.
If your Miſtakes their ill Opinion gain,
No Merit can their Favours re-obtain:
And if they're not vindictive in their Fury,
'Tis their unconſtant Temper does ſecure ye:

Their

Their Brains ſo cool, their Paſſion ſeldom burns:
For all's condens'd before the Flame returns:
The Fermentation's of ſo weak a Matter,
The Humid damps the Fume, and runs it all to Water.
So tho' the Inclination may be ſtrong,
They're pleas'd by Fits, and never angry long.
Then if good Nature ſhews ſome ſlender Proof,
They never think they have Reward enough:
But like our *modern Quakers* of the Town,
Expect your Manners, and return you none.
Friendſhip, th'abſtracted Union of the Mind,
Which all Men ſeek, but very few can find;
Of all the Nations in the Univerſe,
None talk on't more, or underſtand it leſs:
For if it does the Property annoy,
Their Property their Friendſhip will deſtroy.
As you diſcourſe them, you ſhall hear them tell
All Things in which they think they do excel:
No Panegyrick needs their Praiſe record;
An Engliſhman *n'er wants his own good Word.*
His long Diſcourſes gen'rally appear
Prologu'd with his own wond'rous Character:
But firſt to illuſtrate his own good Name,
He never fails his Neighbour to defame;
And yet he really deſigns no Wrong;
His Malice goes no farther than his Tongue;
But pleas'd to tattle, he delights to rail,
To ſatisfy the Lech'ry of a Tale.
His own dear Praiſes cloſe the ample Speech,
Tells you how wiſe he is; *that is, how rich:*

For

For Wealth is Wiſdom; he that's rich is wiſe;
And all Men learned Poverty deſpiſe.
His Generoſity comes next, and then
Concludes, that he's a *True-born Engliſhman;*
And they, 'tis known, are generous and free,
Forgetting, and forgiving Injury:
Which may be true, thus rightly underſtood,
Forgiving ill Turns, and forgetting Good.

Chearful in Labour when they've undertook it:
But out of Humour, when they're out of Pocket.
But if their Belly and their Pocket's full,
They may be phlegmatic, but never dull:
And if a Bottle does their Brains refine,
It makes their Wit as ſparkling as their Wine.

As for the gen'ral Vices, which we find
They're guilty of, in common with Mankind,
Satire, forbear, and ſilently endure;
We muſt conceal the Crimes we cannot cure.
Nor ſhall my Verſe the brighter Sex defame;
For *Engliſh* Beauty will preſerve her Name:
Beyond Diſpute, agreeable and fair,
And modeſter than other Nations are:
For where the Vice prevails, the great Temptation
Is want of Money, more than Inclination.
In general, this only is allow'd,
They're ſomething noiſy, and a little proud.

An *Engliſhman* is gent'leſt in Command;
Obedience is a Stranger in the Land:
Hardly ſubjected to the Magiſtrate;
For Engliſhmen *do all Subjection hate.*

Humbleſt when rich, but peeviſh when they're poor;
And think, whate'er they have, they merit more.
The meaneſt *Engliſh* Plough-man ſtudies Law,
And keeps thereby the Magiſtrates in Awe:
Will boldly tell them what they ought to do,
And ſometimes puniſh their Omiſſions too.
Their Liberty and Property's ſo dear,
They ſcorn their Laws or Governors to fear:
So bugbear'd with the Name of Slavery,
They can't ſubmit to their own Liberty.
Reſtraint from Ill, is Freedom to the Wiſe;
But Engliſhmen *do all Reſtraint deſpiſe.*
Slaves to the Liquor, Drudges to the Pots,
The Mob are Stateſmen, and their Stateſmen Sots.
Their Governors they count ſuch dang'rous Things,
That 'tis their Cuſtom to affront their Kings:
So jealous of the Power their Kings poſſeſs'd,
They ſuffer neither Power or Kings to reſt.
The Bad with Force they eagerly ſubdue:
The Good with conſtant Clamours they purſue:
And did King JESUS reign, they'd murmur too.
A diſcontented Nation, and by far
Harder to rule in Times of Peace, than War:
Eaſily ſet together by the Ears,
And full of cauſeleſs Jealouſies and Fears:
Apt to revolt, and willing to rebel,
And never are contented when they're well.
No Government cou'd ever pleaſe them long,
Cou'd tye their Hands, or regulate their Tongue.

In

In this to ancient Iſrael *well compar'd,*
Eternal Murmurs are among them heard.
It was but lately that they were oppreſs'd,
Their Rights invaded, and their Laws ſuppreſs'd:
When nicely tender of their Liberty,
Lord! what a Noiſe they made of Slavery.
In daily Tumults ſhew'd their Diſcontent:
Lampoon'd their King, and mock'd his Government:
And if in Arms they did not firſt appear,
'Twas want of Force, and not for want of Fear.
In humbler Tone than *Engliſh* us'd to do,
At foreign Hands, for foreign Aid they ſue.
William *the Great, Succeſſor of* Naſſau,
Their Prayers heard, and their Oppreſſions ſaw:
He ſaw, and ſav'd them: God and him they prais'd;
To this their Thanks, to that their Trophies rais'd.
But glutted with their own Felicities,
They ſoon their new Deliverer deſpiſe;
Say all their Prayers back, their Joy diſown,
Un-ſing their Thanks, and pull their Trophies down:
Their Harps of Praiſe are on the Willows hung;
For Engliſhmen *are ne'er contented long.*
The Rev'rend Clergy too! and who'd ha' thought
That they, who had ſuch Non-Reſiſtance taught,
Shou'd e'er to Arms againſt their Prince be brought?
Who up to Heav'n did Regal Pow'r advance;
Subjecting *Engliſh* Laws to Modes of *France.*
Twiſting Religion ſo with Loyalty,
As one cou'd never live and t'other die.

And yet no ſooner did their Prince deſign,
Their Glebes and Perquiſites to undermine,
But all their paſſive Doctrines laid aſide;
The Clergy their own Principles deny'd;
Unpreach'd their non-reſiſting Cant, and pray'd
To Heav'n for Help, and to the *Dutch* for Aid.
The Church chim'd all her Doctrines back again,
And Pulpit-Champions did the Cauſe maintain;
Flew in the Face of all their former Zeal,
And Non-Reſiſtance did at once repeal.
The *Rabbies* ſay, It would be too prolix,
To tye Religion up to Politicks:
The Church's Safety is Suprema Lex.
And ſo by a new Figure of their own,
Their former Doctrines all at once diſown.
As Laws *Poſt Facto* in the Parliament,
In urgent Caſes have obtain'd Aſſent:
But are as dang'rous Preſidents laid by;
Made lawful only by Neceſſity.
The Rev'rend Fathers then in Arms appear,
And Men of God, became the Men of War.
The Nation, *fir'd by them*, to Arms apply,
Aſſault their Antichriſtian Monarchy;
To their due Channel all our Laws reſtore,
And made Things what they ſhou'd ha' been before.
But when they came to fill the vacant Throne,
And the *pale Prieſts* look'd back on what they'd done,
How *Engliſh* Liberty began to thrive,
And Church of *England* Loyalty out-live:

How

How all their perſecuting Days were done,
And their Deliv'rer plac'd upon the Throne:
The Prieſts, *as Prieſts are wont to do*, turn'd Tail;
They're *Engliſhmen*, and *Nature will prevail.*
Now they deplore the Ruins they ha' made,
And murmur for the Maſter they betray'd.
Excuſe thoſe Crimes they cou'd not make him mend,
And ſuffer for the Cauſe they can't defend.
Pretend they'd not ha' carry'd Things ſo high,
And Proto-Martyrs make for Popery.
Had the Prince done as they deſign'd the Thing,
Ha' ſet the Clergy up to rule the King;
Taken a *Donative* for coming hither,
And ſo ha' left their King and them together,
We had, ſay they, been now a happy Nation:
No doubt we had ſeen a bleſſed Reformation:
For wiſe Men ſay, 't's as dangerous a Thing,
A ruling Prieſthood, and a Prieſt-rid King.
And of all Plagues, with which Mankind are curſt;
Eccleſiaſtick Tyranny's the worſt.

If all our former Grievances were feign'd,
King *James* has been abus'd, and we trepann'd;
Bugbear'd with Popery, and Power deſpotic,
Tyrannic Government, and Leagues exotic:
The Revolution's a Phanatic-plot.
Wi—at a Tyrant, *Sund—land* a Sot.
A factious Army, and a poiſon'd Nation,
Unjuſtly forc'd King *James*'s Abdication.

But if he did the Subjects Rights invade,
Then he was puniſh'd only, not betray'd;

And puniſhing of Kings is no ſuch Crime,
But Engliſhmen *ha' done it many a Time.*

When Kings the Sword of Juſtice firſt lay down,
They're no more Kings tho' they poſſeſs the Crown.
Titles are Shadows, Crowns are empty Things,
The Good of Subjects, is the End of Kings;
To guide in War, and to protect in Peace;
Where Tyrants once commence, the Kings do ceaſe:
For arbitrary Power's ſo ſtrange a Thing,
It makes the *Tyrant*, and unmakes the *King*.
If Kings by foreign Prieſts and Armies reign,
And lawleſs Power againſt their Oaths maintain,
Then Subjects muſt ha' Reaſon to complain.
If Oaths muſt bind us when our Kings do ill;
To call in foreign Aid is to rebel.
By Force to circumſcribe our lawful Prince,
Is wilful Treaſon in the largeſt Senſe:
And they who once rebel, moſt certainly
Their God, and King, and former Oaths defy.
If we allow no Male-Adminiſtration
Could cancel the Allegiance of the Nation,
Let all our learned *Sons of Levi* try
This Eccles'aſtic Riddle to unty;
How they could make a Step to call the Prince,
And yet pretend to Oaths and Innocence.
By th' firſt Addreſs they made beyond the Sea,
They're perjur'd in the moſt intenſe Degree:
And without Scruple, for the Time to come,
May ſwear to all the Kings in *Chriſtendom*.

And

And truly, did our Kings conſider all,
They'd never let the Clergy ſwear at all:
Their politic Allegiance they'd refuſe;
For Whores and Prieſts will never want Excuſe.
But if the *mutual Contract* was diſſolv'd,
The Doubts explain'd, the Difficulties ſolv'd,
That Kings, when they deſcend to Tyranny,
Diſſolve the Bond, and leave the Subject free,
The Government's ungirt when Juſtice dies,
And Conſtitutions are Non-Entities.
The Nation's all a Mob, there's no ſuch Thing
As Lords or Commons, Parliament or King.
A great promiſcuous Crowd the *Hydra* lies,
'Till law revive, and mutual Contract ties:
A *Chaos* free to chuſe for their own Share,
What Caſe of Government they pleaſe to wear.
If to a King they do the Reins commit,
All Men are bound in Conſcience to ſubmit;
But then that King muſt by his Oath aſſent
To *Poſtulata* of the Government;
Which if he breaks, he cuts off the Entail,
And Power retreats to its Original.
This Doctrine has the Sanction of Aſſent
From Nature's univerſal Parliament.
The Voice of Nations, and the Courſe of Things,
Allow that Laws Superior are to Kings.
None but Delinquents would have Juſtice ceaſe;
Knaves rail at Laws, as Soldiers rail at Peace;
For Juſtice is the End of Government,
As Reaſon is the Teſt of Argument.

No Man was ever yet ſo void of Senſe,
As to debate the Right of Self-Defence;
A Principle ſo grafted in the Mind,
With Nature born, and does like Nature bind;
Twiſted with Reaſon, and with Nature too,
As neither one nor t'other can undo.
Nor can this Right be leſs when National;
Reaſon which governs one, ſhould govern all.
Whate'er the Dialect of Courts may tell,
He that his Right demands, can ne'er rebel.
Which Right, if 'tis by Governors deny'd,
May be procur'd by Force, or foreign Aid.
For *Tyranny*'s a Nation's Term for Grief,
As Folks cry *Fire*, to haſten in Relief;
And when the hated Word is heard about,
All Men ſhould come to help the People out.
Thus *England* groan'd, *Britannia*'s Voice was heard,
And great *Naſſau* to reſcue her appear'd;
Call'd by the univerſal Voice of Fate,
God, and the People's legal Magiſtrate.
Ye Heav'ns regard, Almighty *Jove* look down,
And view thy injur'd Monarch on the Throne;
On their ungrateful Heads due Vengeance take,
Who ſought his Aid, and then his Part forſake.
Witneſs, ye Powers, it was our Call alone,
Which now our Pride makes us aſham'd to own.
Britannia's Troubles fetch'd him from afar,
To court the dreadful Caſualties of War:
But where Requital never can be made,
Acknowledgment's a Tribute ſeldom paid.

He

He dwelt in bright *Maria*'s circling Arms,
Defended by the Magic of her Charms,
From foreign Fears, and from domeſtic Harms.
Ambition found no Fuel for her Fire;
He had what God could give, or Man deſire.
'Till *Pity* rouz'd him from his ſoft Repoſe,
His Life to unſeen Hazards to expoſe;
'Till *Pity* mov'd him in her Cauſe t'appear;
Pity! *that Word which now we hate to hear.*
But *Engliſh* Gratitude is always ſuch,
To hate the Hand which does oblige too much.
Britannia's Cries gave Birth to his Intent,
And hardly gain'd his unforeſeen Aſſent:
His boding Thoughts foretold him he ſhould find
The People fickle, ſelfiſh, and unkind.
Which Thought did to his Royal Heart appear
More dreadful than the Dangers of the War:
For nothing grates a gen'rous Mind ſo ſoon,
As baſe Returns for hearty Service done.
Satire, be ſilent, awfully prepare
Britannia's Song, and *William*'s Praiſe to hear.
Stand by, and let her chearfully rehearſe
Her grateful Vows in her immortal Verſe.
Loud Fame's eternal Trumpet let her ſound;
Liſten, ye diſtant Poles, and endleſs Round.
May the ſtrong Blaſt the welcome News convey
As far as Sound can reach, or Spirits can fly.
To *neighb'ring Worlds*, if ſuch there be, relate
Our Hero's Fame, for theirs to imitate.

To diſtant Worlds of Spirits let her rehearſe;
For Spirits without the Helps of Voice converſe.
May Angels hear the gladſome News on high,
Mix'd with their everlaſting Symphony.
And Hell itſelf ſtand in Suſpence to know,
Whether it be the fatal Blaſt or no.

BRITANNIA.

The Fame of Virtue 'tis for which I ſound,
And Heroes with immortal Triumphs crown'd.
Fame, built on ſolid Virtue, ſwifter flies
Than Morning-Light can ſpread my Eaſtern Skies.
The gath'ring Air returns the doubling Sound,
And loud repeating Thunders force it round:
Ecchoes return from Caverns of the Deep;
Old *Chaos* dreams on't in eternal Sleep.
Time hands it forward to its lateſt Urn,
From whence it never, never ſhall return:
Nothing is heard ſo far, or laſts ſo long;
'Tis heard by ev'ry Ear, and ſpoke by ev'ry Tongue.
My Hero, with the Sails of Honour furl'd,
Riſes like the great Genius of the World.
By Fate and Fame wiſely prepar'd to be
The Soul of War, and Life of Victory.
He ſpreads the Wings of Virtue on the Throne,
And ev'ry Wind of Glory *fans them on.*
Immortal Trophies dwell upon his Brow,
Freſh as the Garlands he has won but now.

By

By diff'rent Steps the high Aſcent he gains,
And diff'rently that high Aſcent maintains.
Princes for Pride and Luſt of Rule *make War,*
Aud ſtruggle for the Name of Conqueror.
Some fight for Fame, and ſome for Victory;
He fights to ſave, and conquers to ſet free.
Then ſeek no Phraſe his Titles to conceal,
And hide with Words what Actions muſt reveal.
No Parallel from Hebrew *Stories take,*
Of God-like Kings my Similies to make:
No borrow'd Names conceal my living Theam;
But Names and Things directly I proclaim.
'Tis honeſt Merit does his Glory raiſe;
Whom that exalts, let no Man fear to praiſe.
Of ſuch a Subject no Man need be ſhy;
Virtue's above the Reach of Flattery.
He needs no Character, but his own Fame,
Nor any flatt'ring Titles, but his Name.
William's *the Name that's ſpoke by ev'ry Tongue;*
William's *the darling Subject of my Song.*
Liſten, ye Virgins, to the charming Sound,
And in eternal Dances hand it round.
Your early Off'rings to his Altar bring;
Make him at once a Lover and a King.
May he ſubmit to none but to your Arms,
Nor ever be ſubdu'd but by your Charms.
May your ſoft Thoughts for him be all ſublime,
And ev'ry tender Vow be made for him.
May he be firſt in ev'ry Morning Thought,
And Heav'n ne'er hear a Pray'r where he's left out.

May

May ev'ry Omen, ev'ry boding Dream,
Be fortunate *by mentioning his Name.*
May this one Charm infernal Powers affright,
And guard you from the Terrors of the Night.
May ev'ry chearful Glaſs as it goes down,
To William's *Health,* be Cordials to your own.
Let ev'ry Song be Choruſt with his Name,
And Muſic pay her Tribute to his Fame.
Let ev'ry Poet tune his artful Verſe,
And in immortal Strains his Deeds rehearſe.
And may Apollo *never more inſpire*
The diſobedient Bard with his ſeraphic Fire.
May all my Sons their grateful Homage pay;
His Praiſes ſing, and for his Safety pray.

Satire, return to our unthankful Iſle,
Secur'd by Heav'ns Regard, and *William*'s Toil:
To both ungrateful, and to both untrue;
Rebels to God, and to good Nature too.
If e'er this Nation be diſtreſs'd again,
To whomſoe'er they cry, they'll cry in vain.
To Heav'n they cannot have the Face to look;
Or if they ſhould, it would but Heav'n provoke:
To hope for Help from Man would be too much;
Mankind would always tell 'em of the Dutch,
How they came here our Freedoms to maintain,
Were *paid,* and *curs'd,* and *hurry'd home again.*
How by their Aid we firſt diſſolv'd our Fears,
And then our Helpers damn'd for Foreigners.

'Tis

'Tis not our *Engliſh* Temper to do better;
For *Engliſhmen* think ev'ry Man their Debtor.
'Tis worth obſerving, that we ne'er complain'd
Of Foreigners, nor of the Wealth they gain'd,
'Till all their Services were at an End.
Wiſe Men affirm it is the *Engliſh* Way,
Never to grumble till they come to pay.
And then they always think, their Temper's ſuch,
The Work too little, and the Pay too much.

As frighted Patients, when they want a Cure,
Bid any Price, and any Pain endure;
But when the Doctor's Remedies appear,
The Cure's too eaſy, and the Price too dear.

Great *Portland* ne'er was banter'd, when he ſtrove
For us his Maſter's kindeſt Thoughts to move.
We ne'er lampoon'd his Conduct, when employ'd
King *James*'s ſecret Councils to divide:
Then we careſs'd him as the only Man
Which could the doubtful Oracle explain:
The only *Huſkai*; able to repel
The dark Deſigns of our *Achitophel*.
Compar'd his Maſter's Courage to his Senſe;
The ableſt Statiſman, and the braveſt Prince.
On his wiſe Conduct we depended much,
And lik'd him ne'er the worſe for being Dutch.
Nor was he valu'd more than he deſerv'd;
Freely he ventur'd, faithfully he ſerv'd.
In all King *William*'s Dangers he has ſhar'd;
In *England*'s Quarrels always he appear'd:

The *Revolution* firſt, and then the *Boyne*;
In both his Counſels and his Conduct ſhine.
His Martial Valour *Flanders* will confeſs;
And *France regrets* his managing the Peace.
Faithful to *England*'s Intereſt and her King;
The greateſt Reaſon of our Murmuring.
Ten Years in *Engliſh* Service he appear'd,
And gain'd his Maſter's, and the World's Regard;
But 'tis not England's *Cuſtom to reward.*
The Wars are over, *England* needs him not;
Now he's a *Dutchman*, and *the Lord knows what.*

Schomberg, the ableſt Soldier of his Age,
With *Great Naſſau* did in our Cauſe engage:
Both join'd for *England*'s Reſcue and Defence;
The greateſt Captain, and the greateſt Prince.
With what Applauſe his Stories did we tell?
Stories which *Europe*'s Volumes largely ſwell.
We counted him an Army in our Aid:
Where he commanded, no Man was afraid.
His Actions with a conſtant Conqueſt ſhine,
From *Villa Vitioſa* to the *Rhine.*
France, Flanders, Germany, his Fame confeſs;
And all the World was fond of him, but us.
Our Turn firſt ſerv'd, we grudg'd him the Command
Witneſs the Grateful Temper of the Land.

We blame the K—— that he relies too much
On Strangers, *Germans, Hugonots*, and *Dutch*;
And ſeldom does his great Affairs of State
To *Engliſh* Counſellors communicate.

The

The Fact might very well be anſwer'd thus:
He has often been betray'd by us,
He muſt have been a Mad man to rely
On *Engliſh* G——ns Fidelity.
For laying other Arguments aſide,
This Thought might mortify our *Engliſh* Pride,
That Foreigners have faithfully obey'd him.
And none but *Engliſhmen* have e'er betray'd him.
Theſe have our Ships and Merchants bought and ſold,
And barter'd *Engliſh* Blood for foreign Gold.
Firſt to the *French* they ſold our *Turky* Fleet,
And injur'd *Talmarſh* next at *Camaret*.
The King himſelf is ſhelter'd from their Snares,
Not by his Merit, but the Crown he wears.
Experience tells us, 'tis the *Engliſh* Way,
Their Benefactors always to betray.
And, leaſt Examples ſhou'd be too remote,
A modern Magiſtrate of famous Note,
Shall give you his own Hiſtory by Rote.
I'll make it out, deny it he that can,
His Worſhip is a True-born *Engliſhman*.
In all the Latitude that empty Word
By Modern Acceptation's underſtood.
The Pariſh-Books his great Deſcent record,
And now he hopes e'er long to be a Lord
And truly, as Things go, it wou'd be pity
But ſuch as he ſhou'd repreſent the City:
While Robb'ry for Burnt-Offering he brings,
And gives to God what he has ſtole from Kings:

Great Monuments of Charity he raiſes,
And good St. Magnus *whiſtles out his Praiſes.*
To City-Gaols he grants a Jubilee,
And hires Huzza's from his own Mobilee.
Lately he wore the golden Chain and Gown,
With which equipp'd he thus harangu'd the Town.

His Fine SPEECH, *&c.*

WIth clouted Iron Shoes, and Sheepſkin Breeches,
More Rags than Manners, and more Dirt than (Riches,
From driving Cows and Calves to *Layton* Market,
While of my Greatneſs there appear'd no Spark yet,
Behold I come to let you ſee the Pride
With which exalted Beggars always ride.
Born to the needful Labours of the Plow,
The Cart-Whip grac'd me as the Chain does now.
Nature and Fate, in Doubt what Courſe to take,
Whether I ſhou'd a Lord or Plough-Boy make,
Kindly at laſt reſolv'd they wou'd promote me,
And firſt a *Knave* and then a *Knight* they vote me.
What Fate appointed, Nature did prepare,
And furniſh'd me with an exceeding Care,
To fit me for what they deſign'd to have me;
And ev'ry Gift *but Honeſty* they gave me;
And thus equipp'd, to this proud Town I came,
In queſt of Bread, and not in queſt of Fame.
Blind to my future Fate, an humble Boy,
Free from the *Guilt and Glory* I enjoy.

The

The Hopes which my Ambition entertain'd,
Were in the Name of *Foot-boys* all contain'd
The greateſt Heights from ſmall Beginnings riſe;
The Gods were great on Earth before they reach'd the Skies.
B——well, the generous Temper of whoſe Mind,
Was always to be bountiful inclin'd;
Whether by his ill Fate or Fancy led,
Firſt took me up, and furniſh'd me with Bread.
The little Services he put me to,
Seem'd Labours, rather than were truly ſo.
But always my Advancement he deſign'd;
For 'twas his very Nature to be kind.
Large was his Soul, his Temper ever free;
The beſt of Maſters and of Men to me.
And I, who was decreed by Fate,
To be made Infamous as well as Great,
With an obſequious Diligence obey'd him,
'Till truſted with his All, and then betray'd him.
All his paſt Kindneſſes I trampled on,
Ruin'd his Fortunes to erect my own.
So Vipers in the Boſom bred, begin
To hiſs at that Hand firſt which took them in.
With eager Treach'ry I his Fall purſu'd,
And my firſt Trophies were *Ingratitude*.
Ingratitude's the worſt of human Guilt,
The baſeſt Action Mankind can commit;
Which, like the Sin againſt the Holy Ghoſt,
Has leaſt of Honour, and of Guilt the moſt;
Diſtinguiſh'd from all other Crimes by this,
That 'tis a Crime which no Man will confeſs:

That no Sin alone, which ſhou'd not be forgiv'n
On Earth, altho' perhaps it may in Heav'n.
Thus my firſt Benefactor I o'erthrew;
And how ſhou'd I be to a ſecond true?
The Public Truſt came next into my Care,
And I to uſe them ſcurvily prepare:
My Needy Sov'reign Lord I play'd upon,
And lent him many a Thouſand of his own.
For which, great Int'reſts I took care to charge;
And ſo my ill-got Wealth became ſo large.
My Predeceſſor *Judas* was a Fool,
Fitter to ha' been whipt and ſent to School,
Than ſell a Saviour: Had I been at hand,
His Maſter had not been ſo cheap trepann'd;
I wou'd ha' made the eager *Jews* ha' found,
For thirty Pieces, thirty thouſand Pound.
My Couſin *Ziba*, of immortal Fame,
(Ziba *and I ſhall never want a Name*)
Firſt-born of Treaſon, nobly did advance
His Maſter's Fall for his Inheritance;
By whoſe keen Arts old *David* firſt began
To break his ſacred Oath to *Jonathan:*
The good old King, 'tis thought, was very loth
To break his Word, and therefore br—ke his Oath.
Ziba's a Traytor of ſome Quality,
Yet *Ziba* might ha' been inform'd by me:
Had I been there, he ne'er had been content
With half th'Eſtate, or half the Government.
In our late Revolution, 'twas thought ſtrange,
That I, of all Mankind, ſhou'd like the Change:

But

But they who wonder'd at it never knew,
That in it I did my old Game purſue;
Nor had they heard of twenty thouſand Pound,
Which ne'er was loſt, and never yet was found.
Thus all Things in their Turn to Sale I bring,
God and my Maſter firſt, and then the King;
'Till by ſucceſsful Villainies made bold,
I thought to turn the Nation into Gold;
And ſo to Forg—ry my Hand I bent,
Not doubting I could gull the Government;
But there was rufflʼd by the Parliament.
And if I 'ſcapʼd thʼ unhappy Tree to climb,
'Twas want of Law, and not for want of Crime.
But my * *Old Friend*, who printed in my Face,
A needful Competence of *Engliſh* Braſs,
Having yet more Buſineſs for me to do,
And loth to loſe his truſty Servant ſo,
Managʼd the Matter with ſuch Art and Skill,
As ſavʼd his Hero, and threw out the B—l.
And now I'm grsc'd with unexpected Honours,
For which I'll certainly abuſe the Donors.
Knighted, and made a Tribune of the People,
Whoſe Laws and Properties I'm like to keep well.
The *Cuſtos Rotulorum* of ahe City,
And Captain of the Guards of their *Banditti*.
Surrounded by my Catchpoles, I declare
Againſt the needy Debtor open War.
I hang poor Thieves for ſtealing of your Pelf,
And ſuffer none to rob you but my ſelf.

The

* *The Devil.*

The King commanded me to help reform ye,
And how I'll do't Miſs *M——n* ſhall inform ye.
I keep the beſt Seraglio in the Nation,
And hope, in Time, to bring it into Faſhion.
No *Brimſtone Whore* need fear the Laſh from me,
That Part I'll leave to Brother *Jeffery*.
Our Gallants need not go abroad to *Rome*,
I'll keep a whoring Jubilee at Home.
Whoring's the Darling of my Inclination;
An't I a Magiſtrate for Reformation?
For this my Praiſe is ſung by every Bard,
For which *Bridewell* wou'd be a juſt Reward.
In Print my Panegyricks fill the Street,
And hired Gaol-Birds their Huzza's repeat.
Some Charities, contriv'd to make a Show,
Have taught the needy Rabble to do ſo,
Whoſe empty Noiſe is a mechanic Fame,
Since for Sir *Belzebub* they'd do the ſame.

The CONCLUSION.

THEN let us boaſt of Anceſtors no more,
Or Deeds of Heroes done in Days of Yore,
In latent Records of the Ages paſt,
Behind the Rear of Time in long Oblivion plac'd:
For if our Virtues muſt in Lines deſcend,
The Merit with the Families would end;
And Intermixtures would moſt fatal grow;
For Vice would be hereditary too;
The tainted Blood would, of Neceſſity,
Involuntary Wickedneſs convey.
Vice, like Ill-Nature, for an Age or two,
May ſeem a Generation to purſue:
But Virtue ſeldom does regard the Breed;
Fools for wiſe Men, and wiſe Men Fools ſucceed.
What is't to us what Anceſtors we had?
If good, what better? Or what worſe, if bad?
Examples are for Imitation ſet;
Yet all Men follow Virtue with Regret.
Cou'd but our Anceſtors retrieve their Fate,
And ſee their Offſpring thus degenerate,
How we contend for Birth and Names unknown,
And build on their paſt Actions, not our own,

They'd

They'd cancel Records, and their Tombs deface,
And openly diſown the vile degenerate Race:
'The Fame of Families is all a Cheat;
'Tis perſonal Virtue only makes us great.
Vice is down-hill; and when we do offend,
Tis Nature all, we act what we intend.

F I N I S.

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